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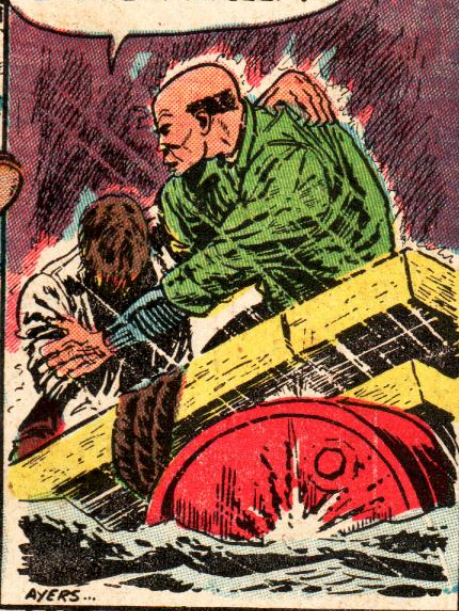
NOTHING HE COULDN'T DO!

DON'T BE MISLED BY THE TAME TITLE!
THIS TALE STARTS WITH A VIOLENT
STORM AT SEA — TOWERING WAVES, THE
WIND HOWLING LIKE A THOUSAND
BANSHEES, A LINER SINKING — AND ENDS
WITH A **JOLT** THAT MADE EVEN *MY*
HAIR STAND ON END!

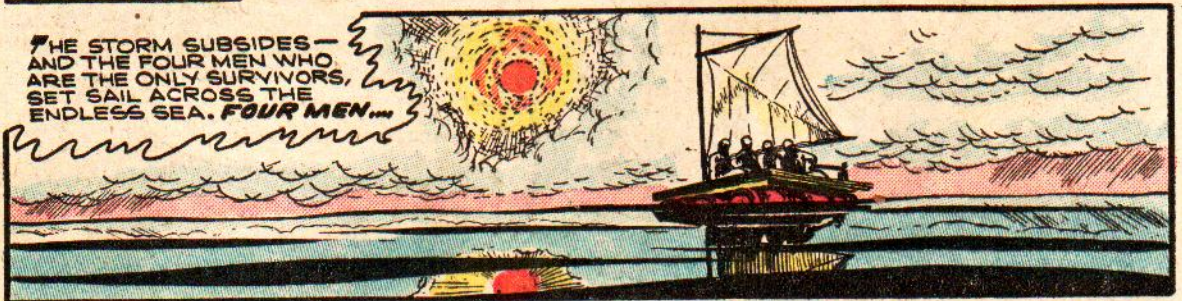
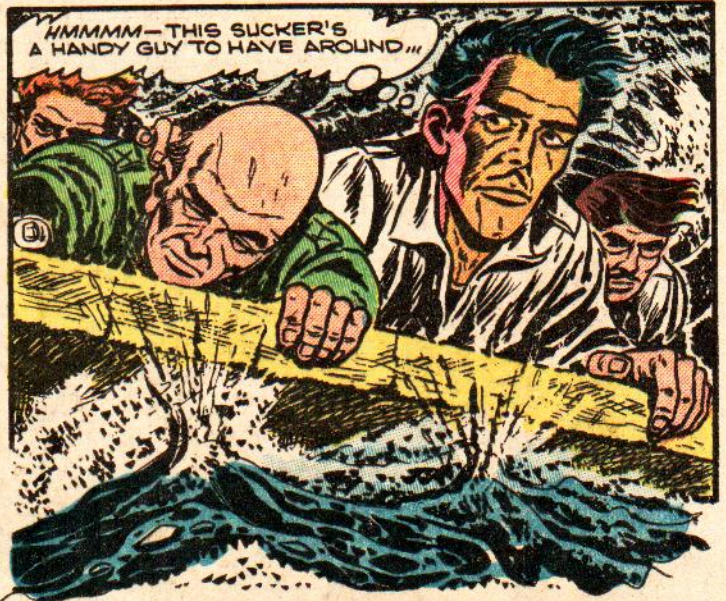
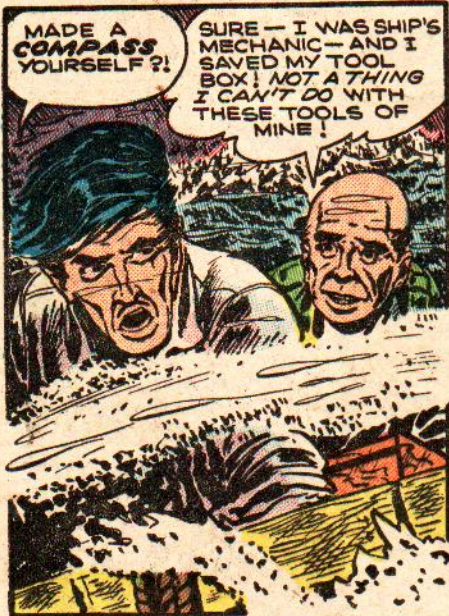
The Thing



CLIMB IN! THIS RAFT 'LL
HOLD ALL OF US! I KNOW!
I MADE IT MYSELF!



THE THING

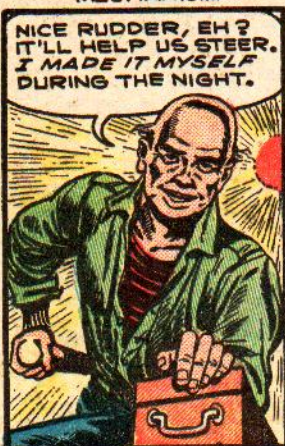


HERMAN JONES — SHIP'S MECHANIC!!!

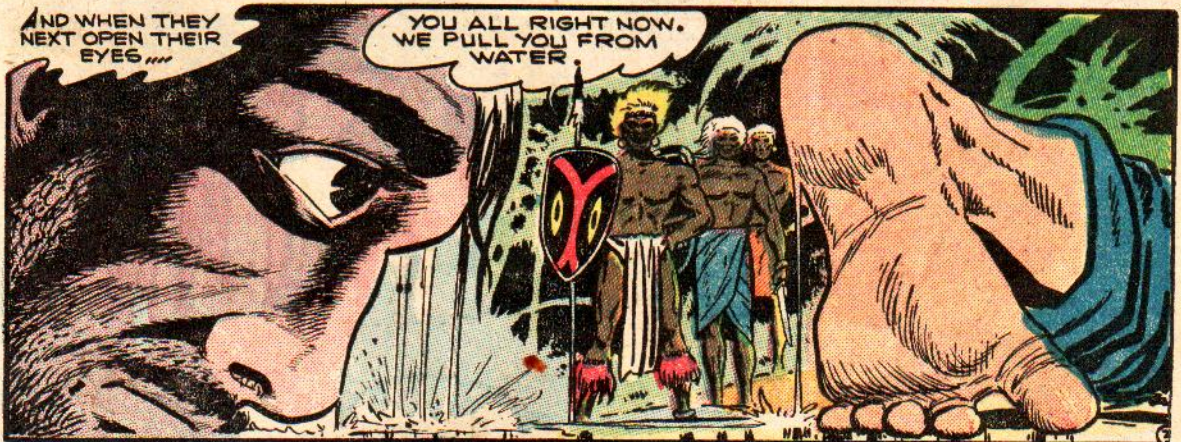
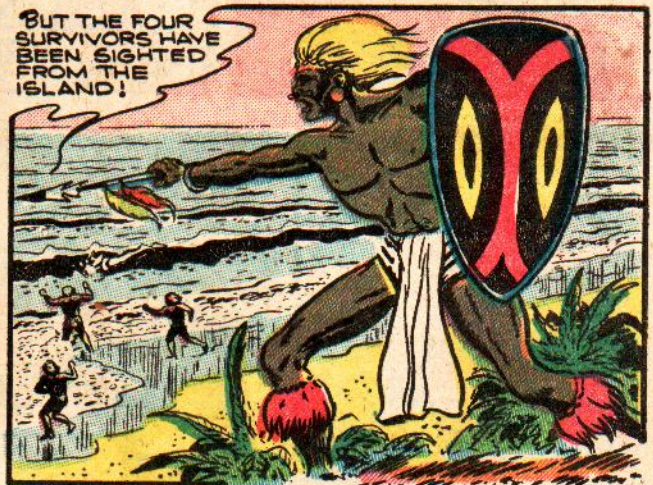
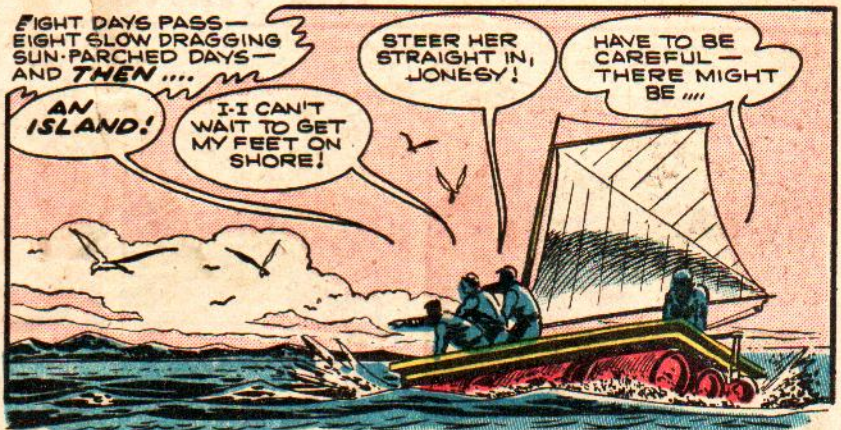
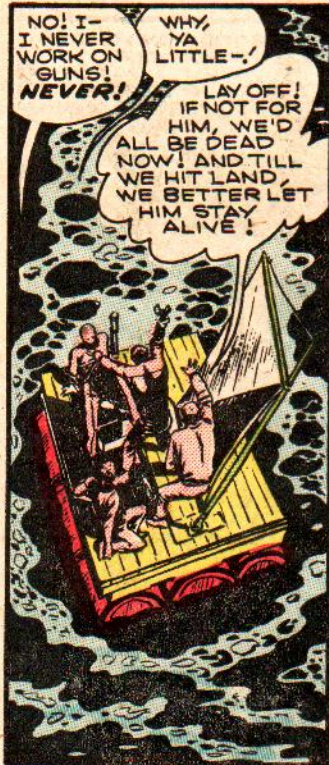
JOE BARTELL — ESCAPED CONVICT!!!

AL MARCUS — CROOKED GAMBLER!!!

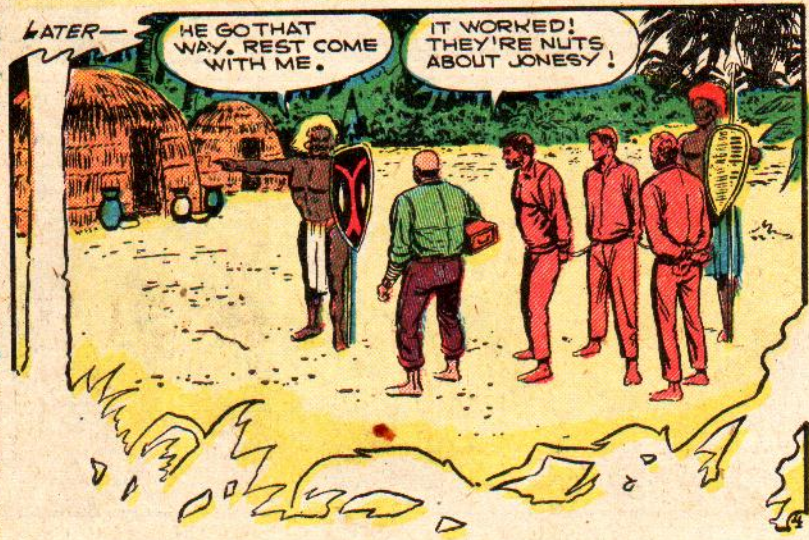
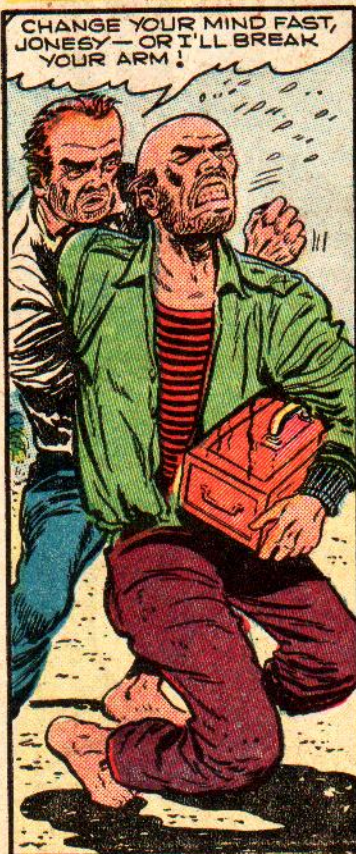
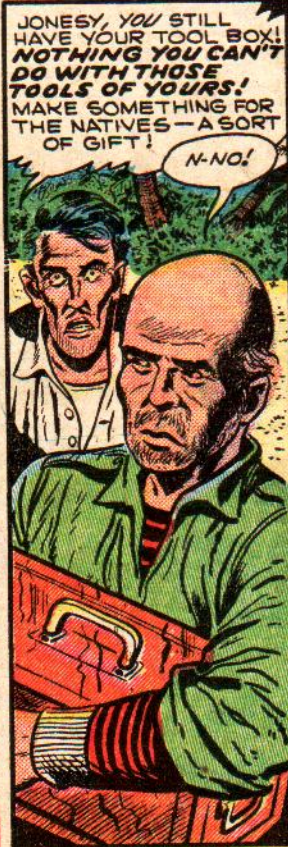
AND MIKE RAMMER — GUNMAN FOR HIRE!



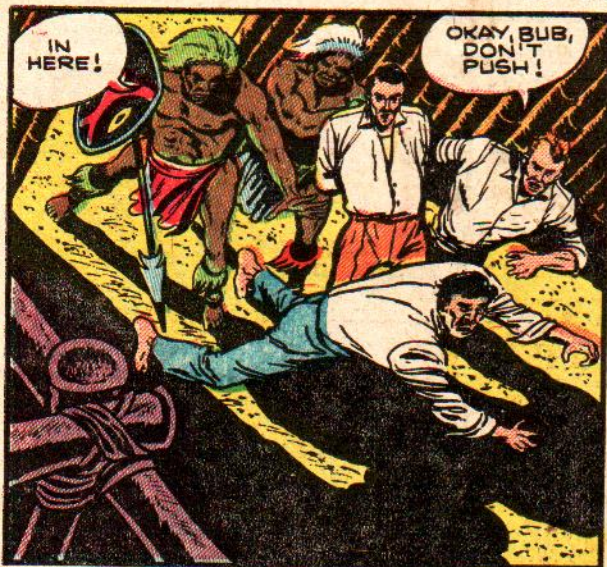
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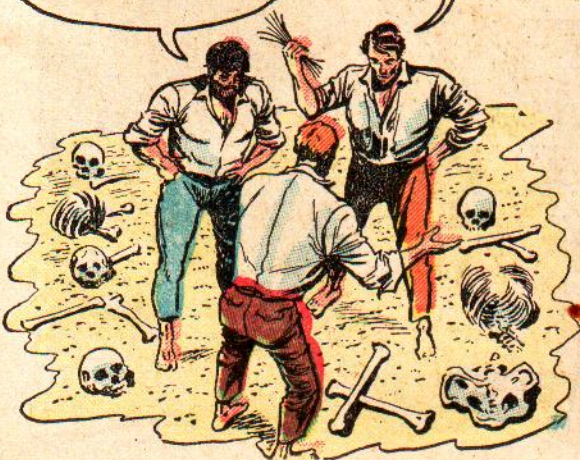
I GOTCHA! AND THEN IF ONE MORE OF US GETS BOILED, THERE'S STILL **TWO** LEFT WHO HAVE A CHANCE!

LET'S DRAW STRAWS RIGHT NOW TO SEE WHO GOES AFTER JONES!

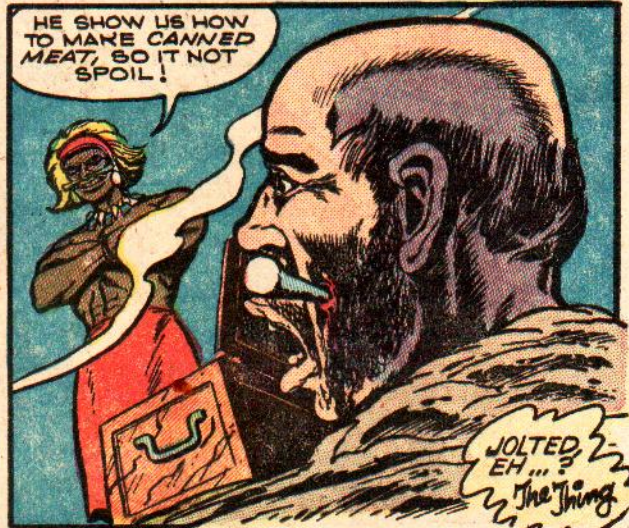
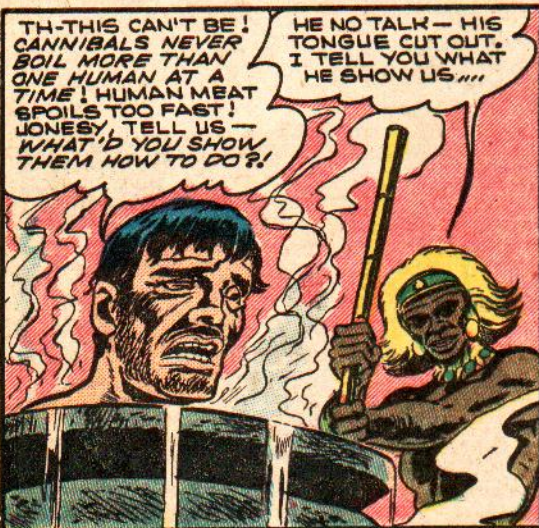
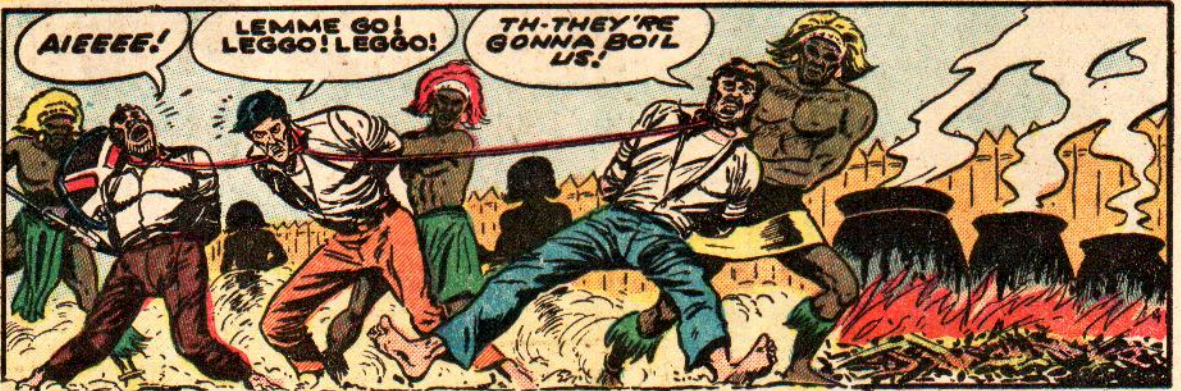
SO THEY DRAW STRAWS...

L-LOOKS... (GULP)... LIKE I GOT THE SHORTEST ONE!

BUT THAT DON'T MEAN THEY'LL GET YA, MIKE! WE STILL HAVE TIME TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO ESCAPE! WITH ANY LUCK, ALL THREE OF US WILL GET AWAY!



THE THING



THE THING

DEATH of a GAMBLER!



HIS NAME IS JEFFREY TRAYNOR! HIS INDULGENT PARENTS ARE WEALTHY...

GOING OUT AGAIN, JEFF?

YUP, DAD --- WHAT ABOUT GIVING ME A HALF-A-HUNDRED? MIGHT GET INTO A FRIENDLY POKER GAME...



BUT THE POKER GAMES ARE NEVER "FRIENDLY"...

CLEANED OUT AGAIN!

COME AROUND TOMORROW, KID, WHEN YA GOT MORE OF THE GREEN STUFF IN YOUR POCKETS! UNLESS YA WANTA STAY AND PLAY ON CREDIT!



SEE THE DEMONS OF BLACKNESS THAT SWARM AROUND HIM? THEY ARE LONESOME --- ARE THEY NOT? BUT **HE** IS WORSE THAN THEY, **HIS DOOM** MORE HORRIBLE! FOR HE IS A MAN WHO WOULD STAKE FAMILY, FORTUNE, AND LIFE, ITSELF, ON THE TURN OF A PASTEBOARD CARD!

The Thing

SCHUSTER
ALASCIA

THE THING

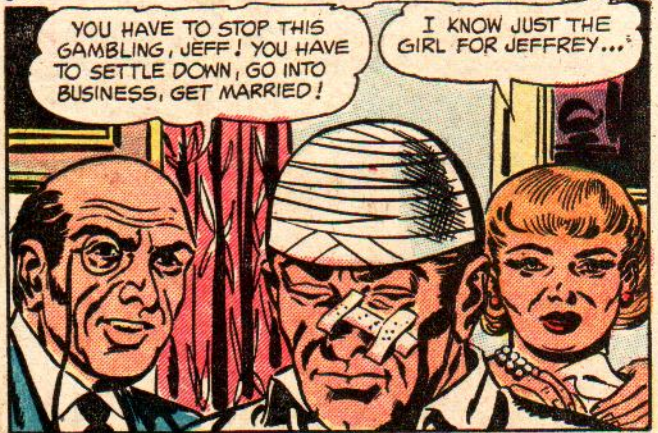
ONE NIGHT...



JEFF,
WHAT'S
HAPPENED?

I.O.U.'S...I OWE LOTS
OF MONEY...BEEN
GAMBLING! THOUGHT I'D
BE ABLE TO PAY IT BACK
WITH WINNINGS...BUT
KEPT LOSING! TH- THEY
BEAT ME UP JUST NOW!

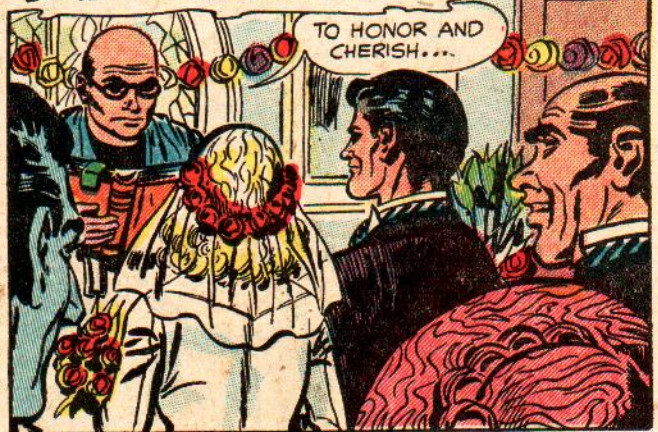
JEFF'S FATHER HONORS THE I.O.U.'S! BUT THEN...



YOU HAVE TO STOP THIS
GAMBLING, JEFF! YOU HAVE
TO SETTLE DOWN, GO INTO
BUSINESS, GET MARRIED!

I KNOW JUST THE
GIRL FOR JEFFREY...

SO JEFF DUTIFULLY GETS MARRIED...



TO HONOR AND
CHERISH...

...DUTIFULLY LETS HIS FATHER SET
HIM UP IN BUSINESS...



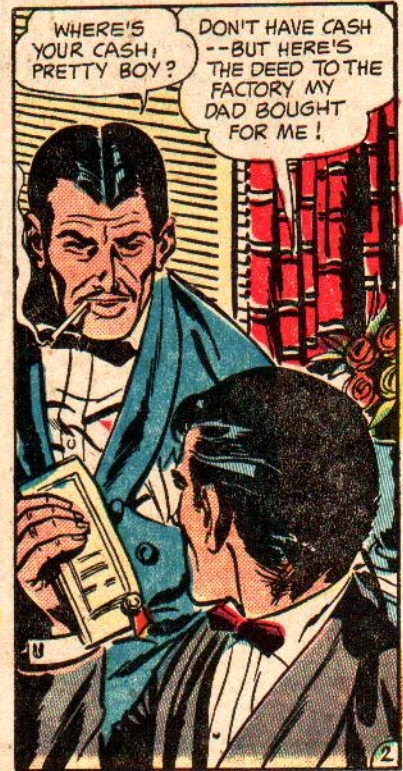
IT'S ALL YOURS, JEFF. PLEASE
--FOR YOUR OWN SAKE--TRY
TO MAKE A GO OF IT!

...BUT AS SOON AS HIS FATHER'S
BACK IS TURNED...



LOOK WHO'S
HERE--THE
GOLDEN KID
HIMSELF!

DEAL ME
IN!



WHERE'S
YOUR CASH,
PRETTY BOY?

DON'T HAVE CASH
--BUT HERE'S
THE DEED TO THE
FACTORY MY
DAD BOUGHT
FOR ME!

THE THING

THE NEXT MORNING --

LOST THE BUSINESS
AT POKER??

OF ALL THE --! WELL, LISTEN TO THIS -- I'M DISOWN-
ING YOU! DO YOU HEAR? **DISOWNING YOU!**
YOU'LL NEVER GET ANOTHER RED CENT FROM ME!



AND, INSIDE A MONTH --

GO AHEAD AND LEAVE ME! WHO CARES? IT WAS
NEVER MY IDEA TO GET MARRIED ANYWAY!



JEFF'S ON HIS OWN NOW! AND, IN A
SHORT TIME ---

THE LADY NEEDN'T WORRY --- JEFF
NEVER SPENDS HIS HAND-OUTS ON
DRINKS! INSTEAD, HE RUSHES TO A
SQUALID ALLEY...

...WHERE DERELICTS LIKE HIMSELF, WHO
SANK TO THEIR PRESENT PITIABLE STATE
THROUGH THE **LUST FOR GAMBLING**,
CONDUCT A PENNY-ANTE GAME...

PLEASE, MA'AM...
I HAVEN'T
EATEN IN TWO
DAYS!

'HERE'S A
QUARTER--NOW
MAKE SURE
YOU DON'T SPEND
IT ON SOMETHING
TO DRINK!



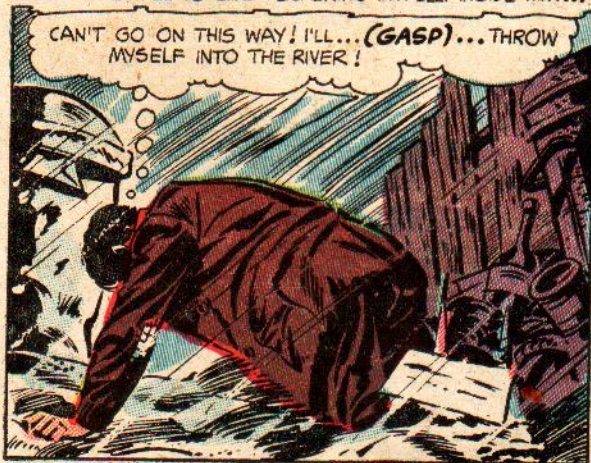
LOOK---I HAVE A QUARTER!
DEAL ME IN!



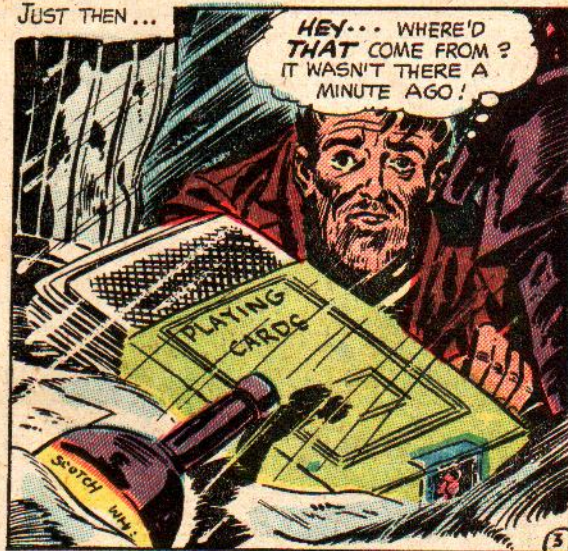
TIME PASSES --- AND JEFF KEEPS SINKING LOWER AND LOWER,
TILL AT LAST HE HITS ROCK BOTTOM! FOUR DAYS WITHOUT
FOOD AND SHELTER... FREEZING WEATHER IN THE STREETS
...AND THE WILL TO LIVE FLICKERING FITFULLY INSIDE HIM...

JUST THEN ...

CAN'T GO ON THIS WAY! I'LL... (GASP)... THROW
MYSELF INTO THE RIVER!

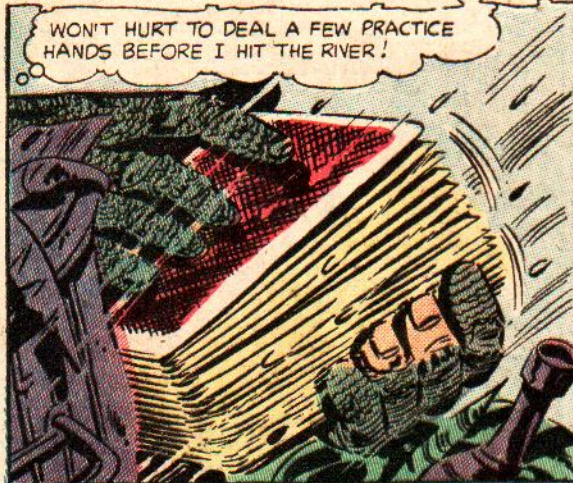


HEY... WHERE'D
THAT COME FROM?
IT WASN'T THERE A
MINUTE AGO!



THE THING

JEFF FINDS HIMSELF TEARING THE WRAPPER OFF -- TREMBLINGLY RIFFLING THE CARDS...



WON'T HURT TO DEAL A FEW PRACTICE HANDS BEFORE I HIT THE RIVER!



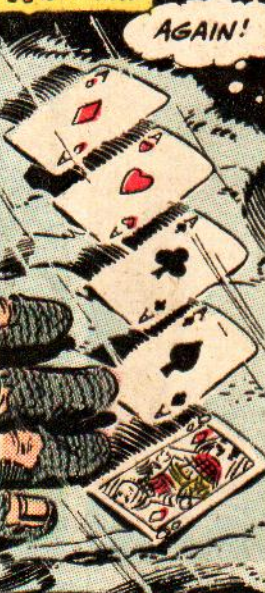
WHAT DO YOU KNOW --- MINE'S THE WINNING HAND!

A MOMENT LATER...



WHAT'S THIS? I WON AGAIN!

AND THEN...



AGAIN!



M-MY LUCK MUST'VE CHANGED!

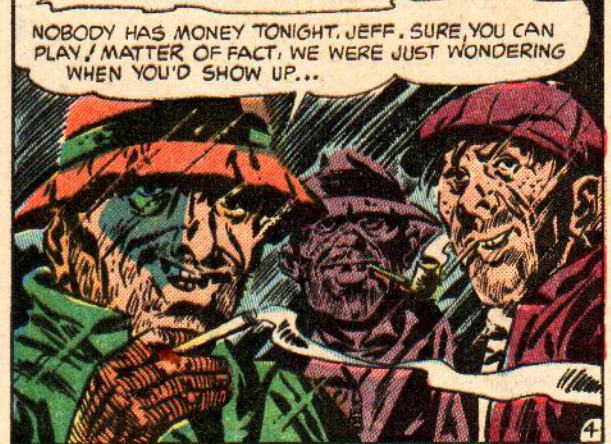


TH-THE DECK MUST BE MAGIC! I'LL TAKE IT WITH ME...USE IT IN THE ALLEY GAME!

YOU HAVE TO LET ME PLAY! I DON'T HAVE MONEY --- BUT YOU HAVE TO LET ME PLAY!



THEY TURN THEIR HEADS SLOWLY TOWARD JEFF --- THESE FELLOW DERELICTS WHO, LIKE HIM, WERE DRAGGED DOWN TO THE BOWERY BY THE LUST FOR GAMBLING... AND THEY SMILE STRANGELY...

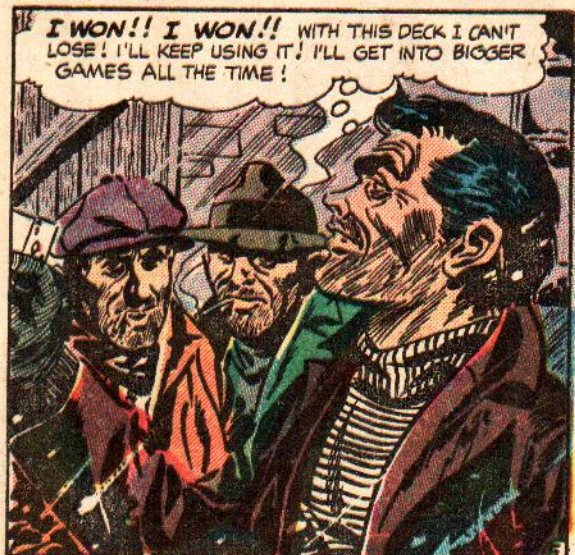
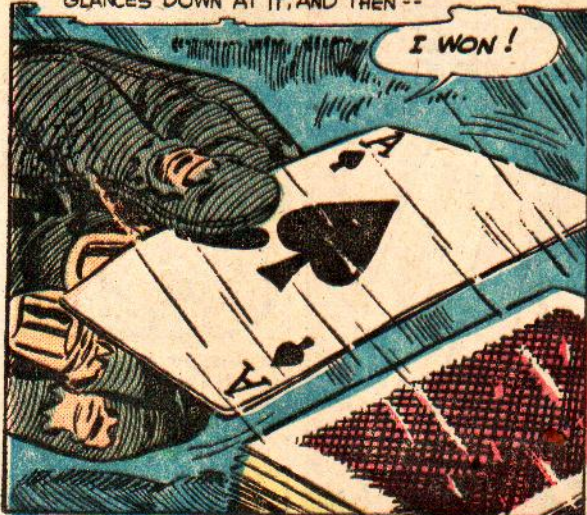


NOBODY HAS MONEY TONIGHT, JEFF. SURE, YOU CAN PLAY, MATTER OF FACT, WE WERE JUST WONDERING WHEN YOU'D SHOW UP...

THE THING

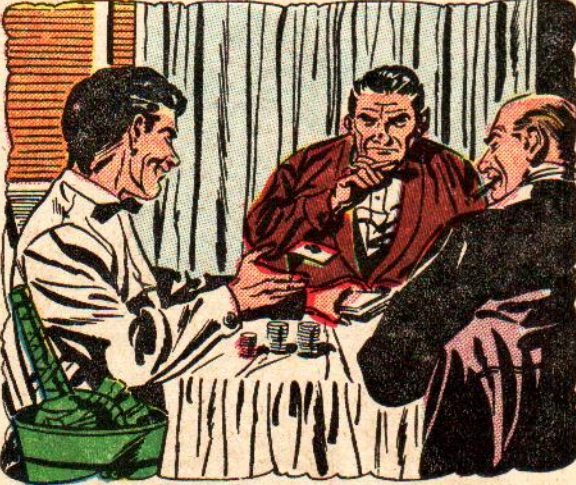


SLOWLY, JEFF TURNS HIS HOLE CARD OVER. WINCING, HE GLANCES DOWN AT IT, AND THEN --



THE THING

"...TILL AT LAST I'M ON TOP OF THE LADDER AGAIN!"



JEFF **WON**--- WHAT'RE WE WAITING FOR? WHY DON'T WE **PAY HIM OFF?**

NOW'S AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY...



HEY! WH-WHY'RE YOU COMING AT ME WITH THAT **KNIFE?**



WE'VE ALL HIT ROCK BOTTOM, JEFF-- JUST LIKE YOU DID! THAT'S **WHY** WE PLAYED **THIS GAME!**

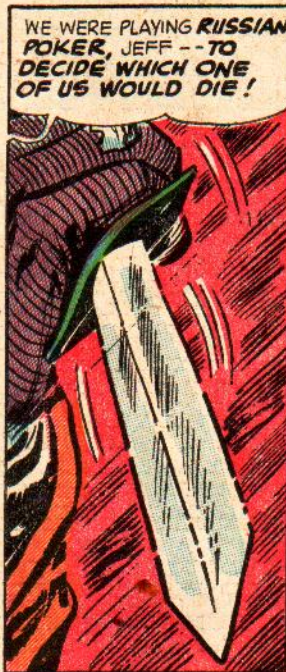
YOU GONE CRAZY OR SOMETHING? WH-WHAT GAME ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



THE GAME **YOU JUST WON, JEFF!**



YOU'VE HEARD OF **RUSSIAN ROULETTE**, HAVEN'T YOU, JEFF?



WE WERE PLAYING **RUSSIAN POKER**, JEFF-- **TO DECIDE WHICH ONE OF US WOULD DIE!**



AND **YOU WON, JEFF-- YOU WON!!**

IS THERE A MORAL TO THIS GRISLY TALE? NO... NO MORAL! NO MORAL AT ALL FOR THOSE STRICKEN WITH THE LUST FOR GAMBLING! **ONLY DOOM!!!**

THE END

TARA TUSTA



Major Randolph Giles had just finished checking on the ammunition supply. One look at his face and you could tell the results were discouraging.

"Not even a hundred rounds per man," he complained bitterly. "In an hour the Matabeelees will wipe us out to the last man. If we had sufficient ammunition we could hold out indefinitely in this stone block house. A quarter of a century ago, my father and a dozen men withstood a Zulu attack for a week. But they had three Maxim machine guns. There are twenty-five of us."

"Not forgetting the three natives," corrected Sergeant Albert Langer. "When we die, the Matabeelees will torture them. Not a pleasant contemplation."

"The man will be covered with honey and tied to stakes on the ground. The ants will eat him up alive. The girl will be broiled over a slow fire. That will be their punishment for breaking the Matabeelee code. No man of that tribe has ever married a woman from the Gombi tribe. Death is the penalty," replied the Major.

"All we have to do is turn them over to the tribal leader, and then we would live. Isn't that so?" asked Sergeant Albert Langer with a quiver in his voice. When a man is about to face certain death, he will grasp like a drowning person for even a straw.

"Our oath upon joining the Wachutaland Constabulary was to uphold the law of her Majesty the Queen," pointed out the Major. "And under our law a man has a right to decide about the girl he wishes to marry. Which reminds me. That small shriveled native who brought Gonoto and Seena here. I can't place the dialect he speaks. Sounds like the natives in the southern part of the Belgian Congo. Let's go into the other room and see how the men are getting ready for the attack."

In the large barrack room the soldiers were busy. Some were writing letters home. Others were making out their wills. And a few were putting razor edges on their bayonets. For they were going to fight to the last when the bullets ran out. Private Henry Russel saluted his superior officer.

"Sir," he asked. "Before we all die there is something we would like to know. Exactly what is the THING for which we are going to lay down our lives. One of the men says it is for law and order. Another says it is for our oath to the Queen. A third thinks we are crazy. A fourth thinks it is for a thing called Love. And a fifth says it is just for two insignificant natives. For two people, or pardon me, for three people whom we never met or even do not know, we die."

"Men die for many things," explained the Major. "Sometimes they feel in their hearts they know the real reason. Often they are a bit confused. Let us say the THING for which we die is to uphold law and order. In half an hour the Matabeelees will give us our last chance to surrender our guests. An hour after that, we will all be dead. I wish to see how our guests are faring at this moment."

The Major turned around, and as he did, every soldier there instinctively saluted him. They respected the courage of a brave officer.

Major Randolph Giles walked out of the barrack room and then entered a small room. In it there was a large crude table. Around that table were seated two natives, one a man and the other a woman. In a far corner of the room, on a stool, was a small shriveled native. The young man at the table rose.

"I have discussed carefully with my wife our course of action," he said slowly, for he had

THE THING

efficiently learned to speak English at the mission school. "Why should you die for us? We are strangers to you. What we did affects only us two. It is not right that you and your men should permit yourselves to be killed. We will give ourselves up to Chief Logo of the Matabeelees."

The officer sighed. He wondered if in their hearts they really wanted to die. Yet, they were willing to do that to save him and his men from needless fighting and bloodshed.

"I think both of you fail to see the THING at stake. There is such a THING as principle. You two love each other. And you were legally married according to the law of Her Majesty the Queen at the Mission House. Centuries ago the Matabeelees came from somewhere. Some say it was from ancient Egypt. They swept all before them. However, a small tribe, the Gombi, defied them. Legend says that a witch doctor, Tara Tusta, with the aid of magic, gave them their first defeat. In bitterness, the Matabeelees passed their death law. Death to any member of the Matabeelee who dared to marry a member of the Gombi tribe. Both tribes are subject to our law. And that is the law that will be enforced."

"Very well spoken," uttered a cultured voice with a trace of an Oxford accent. "Spoken like a real gentleman and a brave soldier. But most of all, spoken by one who knows the real things of life. Two people love each other. That is enough for you. Perhaps at heart you are just a romanticist."

There was a startled look on the officer's face as he realized that those words were being uttered by the small shriveled native on the stool. The man looked ageless.

"You are wondering who I am," he said as though he were reading Major Randolph's mind. "What difference does it really make? I met these two trying to find safety here and directed them by a short cut across the mountain. One THING bothers me. Some people will never learn. Take the Matabeelee, for example. You would think that in the twentieth century, the age of the radio, the airplane, television, modern medicine, and the atom, they would reason with modern manner. But they still think that force makes right. And I assure you, Major, that if they do battle with you and your men, that victory will be on your side."

The officer started to reply, but changed his mind. He was conscious that for the moment the scene was bordering on the almost impossible. Who was this native? But the door opened, and Sergeant Albert Langer bore an important message.

"The chief of the Matabeelees is outside with three of his men. Wants you to meet him with three of your men as an honor guard. He will talk to you."

Before he went outside, the Major gave detailed orders to the rest of the men. They were posted at the small narrow windows with loaded rifles.

"The natives will attack as soon as I return. Make every shot count."

The Chief of the Matabeelees was a tall and powerful man. In his right hand he held a spear and in his left hand his shield.

"I want the two who have come to you," he demanded. "Return them to me and avoid blood and loss of life."

"After you kill us," warned the Major, "the ships that fly in the air will drop bombs on your village. You have seen these ships before. Return in peace to your village. The two remain with me."

In reply the Chief held his spear up into the air. It was the signal for the attack. The officer and his small guard rushed back into the stone block house. And just at that moment out from it rushed the unknown native. His face was now painted with white chalk and in each hand he held a human skull.

"I shall teach them a lesson they never will forget," he told the Major. "Save your bullets. They will not be needed."

Thousands of natives advanced, brandishing their spears. And then suddenly a ring of fire began to encircle them. The ring grew smaller and became a death trap of fire. The natives screamed as the flames touched them and then began to drop their spears and shields as the flames touched them. There was general panic as they sought to escape the devastating wall of fire.

The soldiers inside the stone block house could hardly believe their eyes as they saw the enemy retreat. Nobody was ever able to estimate the loss. For no dead were left behind. When the flame burned a man, he simply was completely consumed.

Major Randolph Giles was resting comfortably in his easy chair back at Headquarters. The Sergeant had come in to see him.

"The men agreed not to talk about what happened with anyone. For who would believe us? But I did some checking at the library about what happened. Who was the native that saved us? Did he come from the dead? Did you know that Tara Tusta, the great witch doctor, promised his people he would return should there ever be need of his aid in fighting the Matabeelee?"

There was a blank look on the officer's face as he replied. A look that says a person has faced Death and lived.

"Do you know, Sergeant Langer," said a calm voice, "that in the Gombi tongue, Tara Tusta means Wall of Fire?"

The End

THE THING

THE PAINTING RIPPED FROM THE MUSEUM WALL WAS A WEIRD MEDIEVAL MURAL REPUTED TO POSSESS STRANGE MYSTIC POWERS. BUT THE TWO BRUTAL THUGS WHO STOLE IT WERE **REALISTS**---THEY SCOFFED AT THE IDEA OF A...

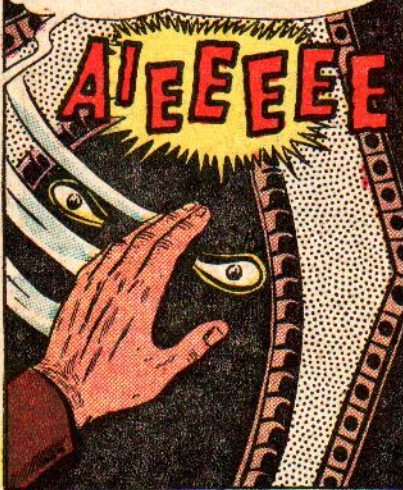
PICTURE OF THE FUTURE !!



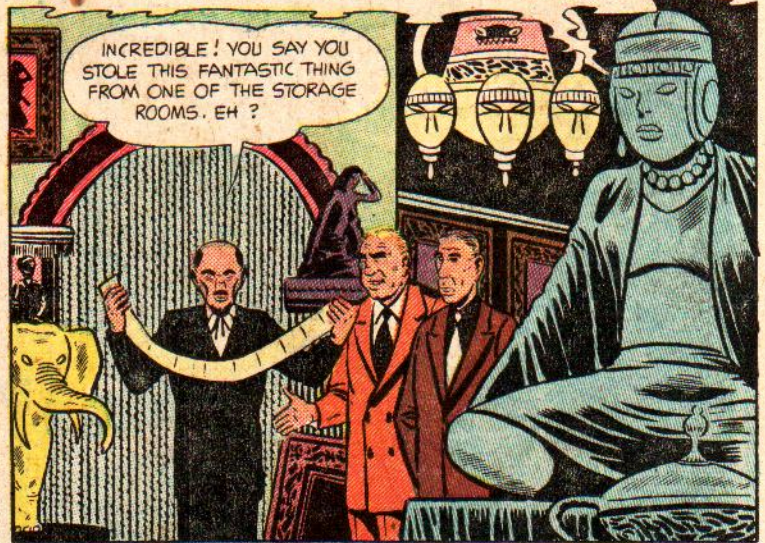
THE THING



SO **THAT'S** WHAT AN IRON MAIDEN IS, EH? WE STAB THE OLD JERK TO DEATH, JUST BY BANGING THE DOOR SHUT! PRETTY NEAT, EH? C'MON... LET'S MAKE OURSELVES SCARCE!



FLEEING FROM THE MUSEUM, THE RUTHLESS THUGS RAN TO THE OFFICE OF AN INFAMOUS DEALER IN ART AND CURIOS...A MAN WHO NEVER BOTHERED HIMSELF ABOUT THE HONESTY OF HIS CLIENTS OR THEIR WARES!



I-I CAN'T HANDLE THIS THING FOR YOU, BOYS! IT... IT HAS A BAD HISTORY!

YOU'RE REFUSING TO BUY IT FROM US? WE...WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!



WHAT'S THE STORY BEHIND THIS, PAINTING, DELCORT? SPEAK UP! HOW CAN WE ENLARGE THIS THING SO **WE** CAN LOOK AT IT?

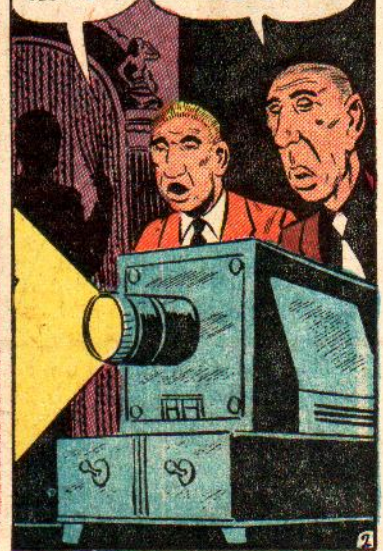
T-THE PROJECTOR...:GASP:... ON TABLE...IT'LL...:SOB:... THROW MAGNIFIED PICTURE... ON WALL!



THE CURIOUS PAINTING WAS SLIPPED INTO THE PROJECTOR. THE LIGHTS CLICKED OFF, AND...

A SCENE IN MEDIEVAL TIMES, DUTCH! WHAT'S SO TERRIBLE ABOUT IT... THAT DELCORT WON'T HANDLE 'ER?

W-WHY IT'S A COUPLA GUYS IN CRAZY CLOTHES!



THE THING

HERE'S THE SECOND PICTURE IN THE SERIES, PACKY... THEM TWO LUGS'RE CREEPING INTO A PRETTY FANCY SHACK, EH?

SEE THAT TRUNK, DUTCH? BET **THAT'S** WHAT THEY GOT THEIR EYES ON!

AS THE TWO MEN WATCHED IN BEWILDERMENT, THEY SAW A GROTESQUE **THING!**

D-DUTCH...THOSE TWO GUYS IN THE PICTURE...

..THEY...THEY'RE LIKE OUR OWN **TWINS!** BRRR...THIS THING GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

LOOK...A SNOOPER...A **SPY!**

H-HEY, DUTCH! LOOKA THE SPY...HE... HE'S THE SPITTING IMAGE OF **DELORT,** HERE!

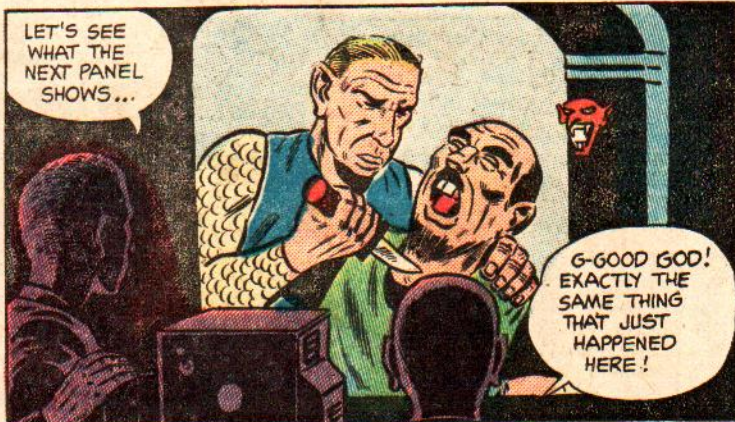
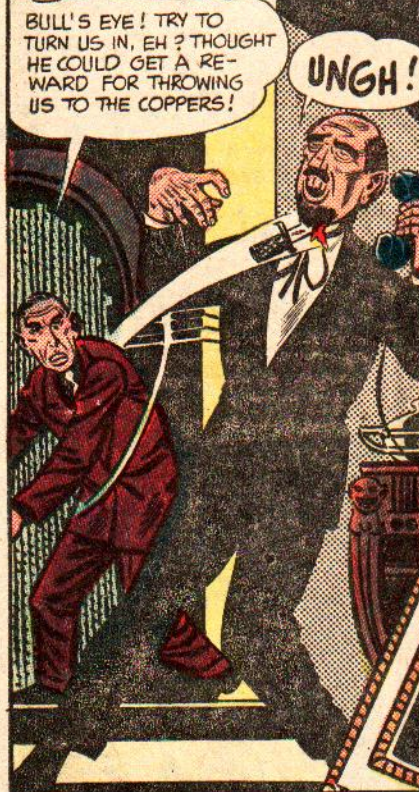
HELP! **GUARD!** THIEVES ROBBING OUR TREASURES! **GUARD! HURRY!**

H-HOLD THE SHOW UP, PACKY... YOU HEAR THAT CLICKING? WHY ...IT'S **DELORT**...TRYING TO MAKE A PHONE CALL!

PROB'LY THE 'COPS ...THE STINKING DOUBLE-CROSSER!

THE THING

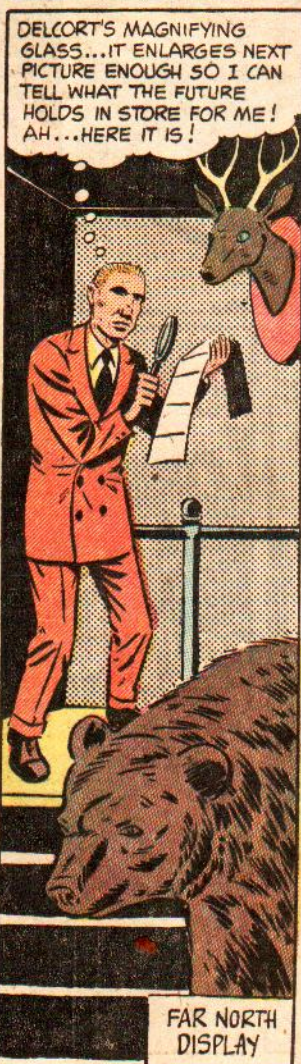
A DEADLY KNIFE WHIZZED THROUGH THE AIR...
...A CHOKED SCREAM ENDED DELCORT'S
FURTIVE PHONE CALL!



THE THING



PLUNGING HEADLONG INTO THE THROG MOVING INTO THE EXHIBITION HALL, THE FRENZIED KILLER DARTED FORWARD!



THE THING

DROPPING THE WEIRD PAINTING IN A SPASM OF FEAR, DUTCH SAW--



THIS IS INSANE... IT'S JUST A LOUSY PAINTING! IT CAN'T FORETELL THE FUTURE OR... Y-YOU! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?

G-GET AWAY FROM ME-- YOU CAN'T BE HERE! GET... UNGHH!



YOU CAN'T ESCAPE ME, IDIOT!

NO... PLEASE...! SPARE ME... SOB... DON'T!

THIS IS THE END OF YOUR ROTTEN DEPRAVED LIFE!



THE POWERFUL TEETH OF THE BEAR TRAP SLAMMED SHUT. FOR A MOMENT DUTCH'S DYING SCREAM OF AGONY PIERCED THE SILENCE OF THE EXHIBIT HALL...

UGH! THAT POOR DEVIL... HIS THROAT'S BEEN RIPPED TO PIECES BY THOSE SPIKES! HE WAS STANDING HERE ALL ALONE JUST A SECOND AGO... W-WHO COULD'VE CLOSED THAT TRAP ON HIM?

HE DROPPED SOMETHING HERE... WONDER WHAT IT CAN BE?



W-WHY... GUY'S BEEN KILLED IN THE PAINTING... IT'S **THIS** MAN, DRESSED IN MEDIEVAL COSTUME! BUT HIS KILLER... WHO IN THE DEVIL IS **HE**?



WE KNOW, DON'T WE, DEAR READER? OR... HEE HEE... ARE WE JUST IMAGINING THAT THE AVENGER RESEMBLES THAT NICE OLD MUSEUM GUARD?

THE END!!

THE THING

DON BRUNT HAD EVERYTHING TO LIVE FOR... ROBUST HEALTH, LIMITLESS RICHES AND UNASSAILABLE SOCIAL POSITION. HE ALSO HAD A GRIMLY GUARDED SECRET WHICH, IF EVER REVEALED, WOULD INSTANTLY DESTROY HIM. IMAGINE HIS HORROR, THEN, TO DISCOVER THAT HE WAS ABOUT TO BE RUINED BY A ...

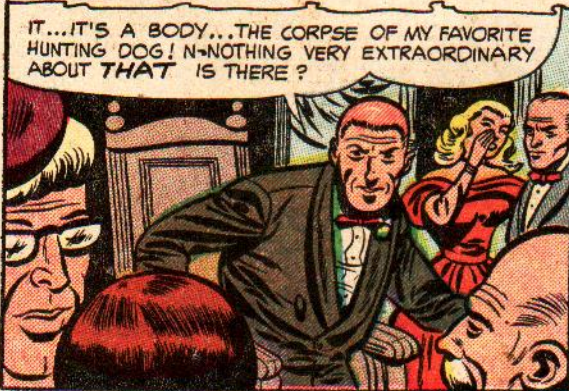
MENTAL WIZARD!!

I FIND IT EXCEEDINGLY SIMPLE TO READ ONE MIND HERE... FOR SOMETHING DREADFUL IS PREYING ON HIS BRAIN! **DON BRUNT**... WHAT HAVE YOU BURIED UNDER THE ANCIENT CYPRESS TREE IN FRONT OF YOUR HOME?



THE EYES OF ALL THE GUESTS GATHERED IN THE VAN LEAF'S HUGE BALLROOM TURNED IN SURPRISE, TOWARD THE MAN SINGLED OUT BY MENLO, THE FAMOUS HYPNOTIST AND MIND READER...

IT...IT'S A BODY...THE CORPSE OF MY FAVORITE HUNTING DOG! N-NOTHING VERY EXTRAORDINARY ABOUT **THAT** IS THERE?



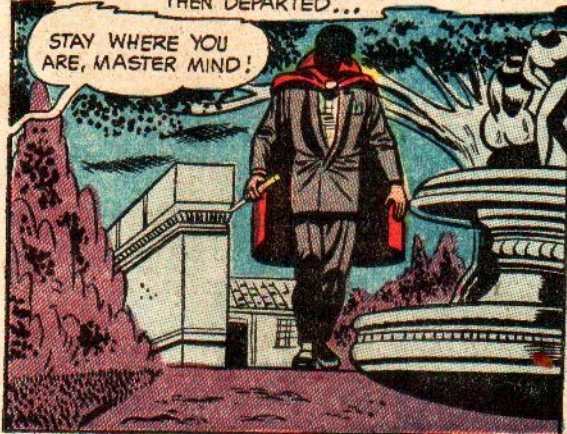
MAGNIFICENT EXHIBITION OF MIND READING, MENLO!

YOU MUST PERFORM AT MY NEXT PARTY, SIR! IT'S EASY TO SEE WHY THE WORLD OF SCIENCE CALLS YOU THE **MENTAL WIZARD**!



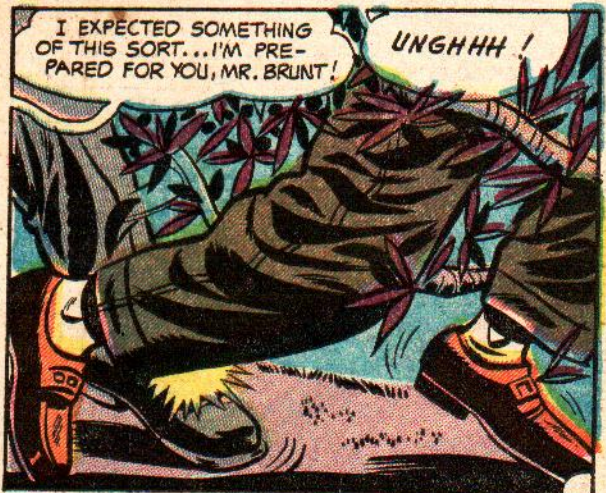
THE CONGRATULATIONS OVER, MENLO RECEIVED HIS SUBSTANTIAL FEE FROM THE APPRECIATIVE VAN LEAFS, THEN DEPARTED...

STAY WHERE YOU ARE, MASTER MIND!

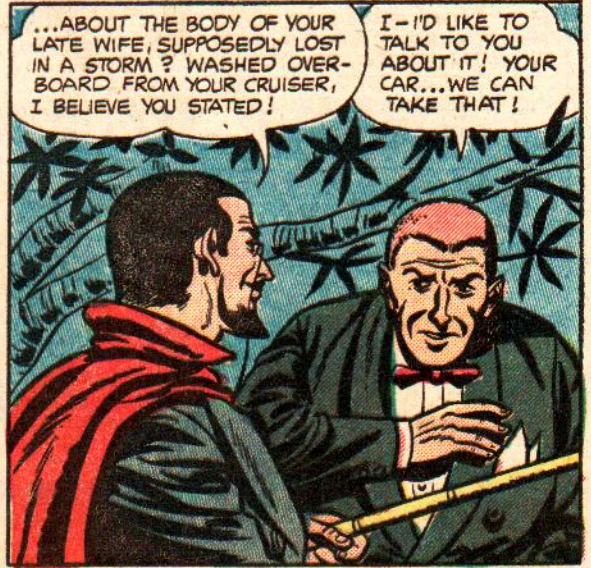


I EXPECTED SOMETHING OF THIS SORT...I'M PREPARED FOR YOU, MR. BRUNT!

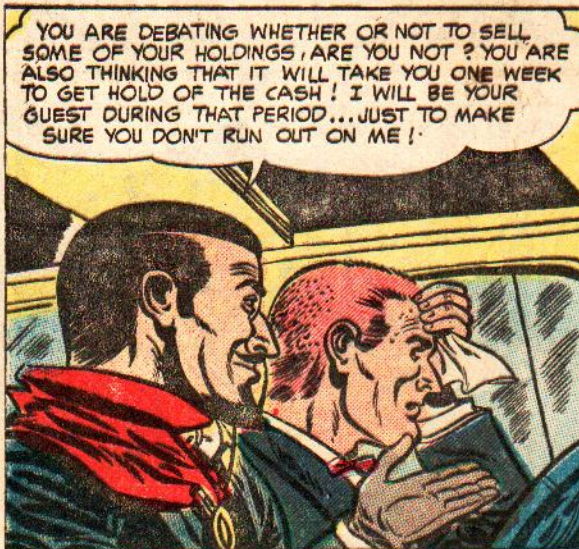
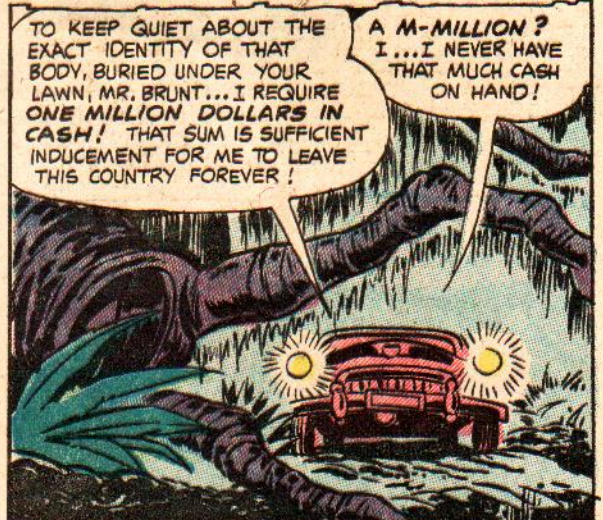
UNGH...!



THE THING



THE TWO MEN CLIMBED INTO DON BRUNT'S SLEEK CAR. THE MOTOR THUNDERED ONTO THE STATE HIGHWAY. THEN...



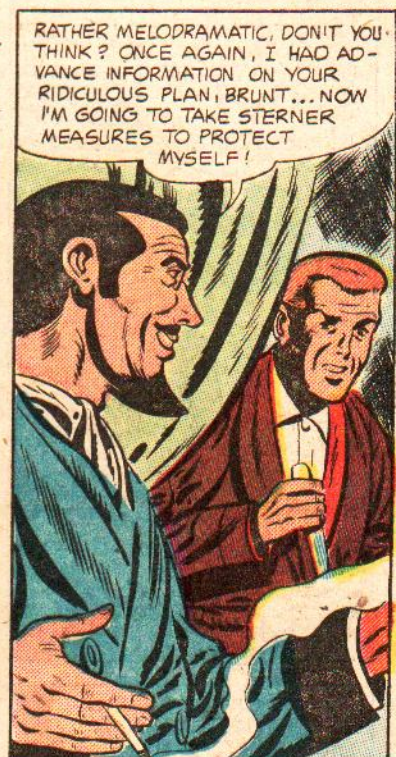
THE TWO MEN SHOOK HANDS SOLEMNLY...ONE WITH A GRIN OF TRIUMPH, THE OTHER TREMBLING WITH MISGIVINGS AND FEAR. THE NEXT NIGHT, AT THE PALATIAL HOME OF DON BRUNT...



THE THING



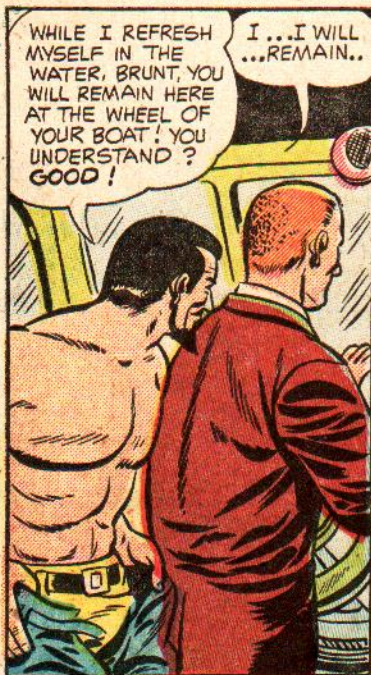
DON BRUNT RUSHED FROM THE ROOM, HIS BRAIN REELING WITH HATE. ALL THE NEXT DAY HE BROODED AND, LATE THAT NIGHT...



THE NEXT MORNING, STILL UNDER THE FIRM CONTROL OF MENLO'S HYPNOTIC POWERS, DON BRUNT AGREED TO HIS GUEST'S SUGGESTION...



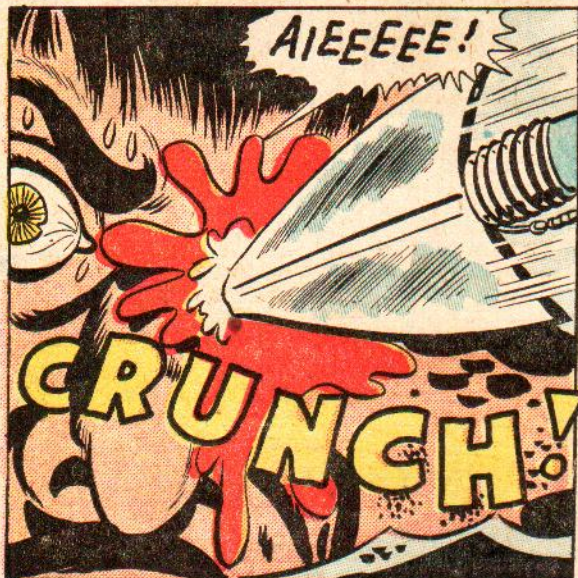
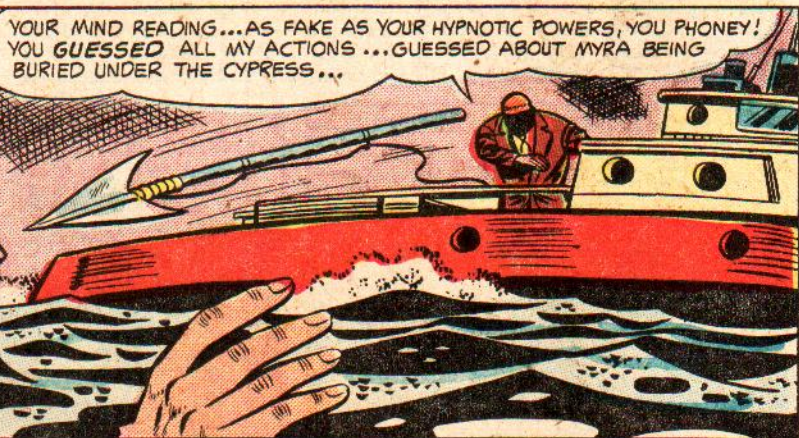
THE THING



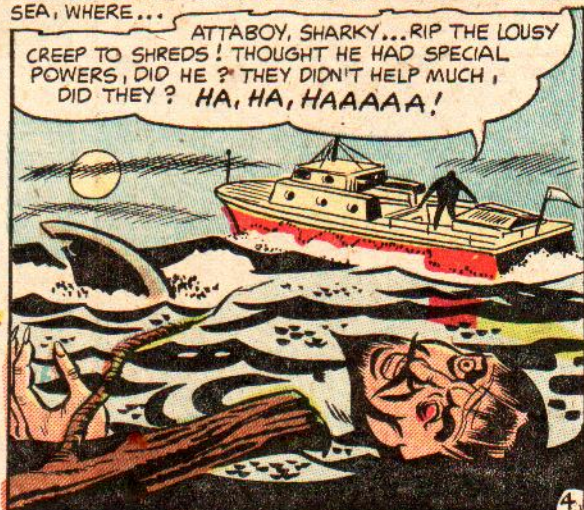
DON BRUNT, HIS FACE ASHEN AND FROZEN, REMAINED AT THE WHEEL OF HIS CRUISER WHILE HIS UNWELCOME GUEST PLUNGED INTO THE SPARKLING WATER...



SUDDENLY, A REMARKABLE CHANGE TAKES PLACE IN DON BRUNT'S APPEARANCE. WITH A SNARL OF TRIUMPH, HE REACHES FORWARD...



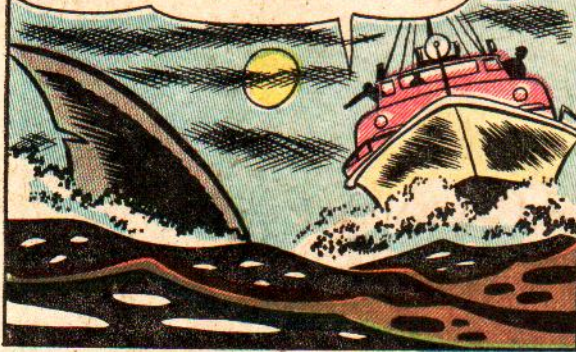
THE SPEAR TORE SAVAGELY THROUGH MENLO'S EYE... CRASHED INTO HIS BRAIN! A MOMENT LATER, AFTER RETRIEVING THE CORPSE, DON BRUNT HEADED OUT TO SEA, WHERE...



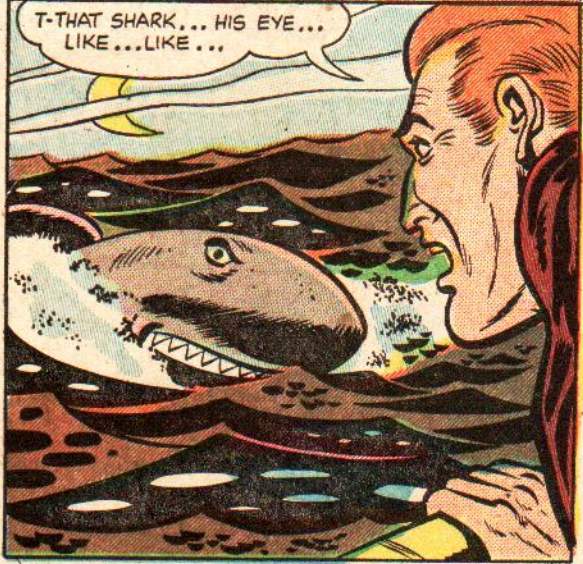
THE THING

DON BRUNT, AFLAME WITH HIS TRIUMPH, HURRIED BACK AND NOTIFIED THE POLICE. AN HOUR LATER, RETURNING TO THE SPOT WHERE MENLO'S BODY HAD BEEN TORN TO PIECES...

THEN MENLO... HE WAS MY HOUSE GUEST... LEANED OVER TOO FAR AND FELL OVERBOARD. BEFORE I COULD HELP HIM THIS HUGE SHARK SLITHERED UP AND... **THERE HE IS NOW!** I'D KNOW THAT NICKED FIN ANYWHERE!



T-THAT SHARK... HIS EYE... LIKE... LIKE...



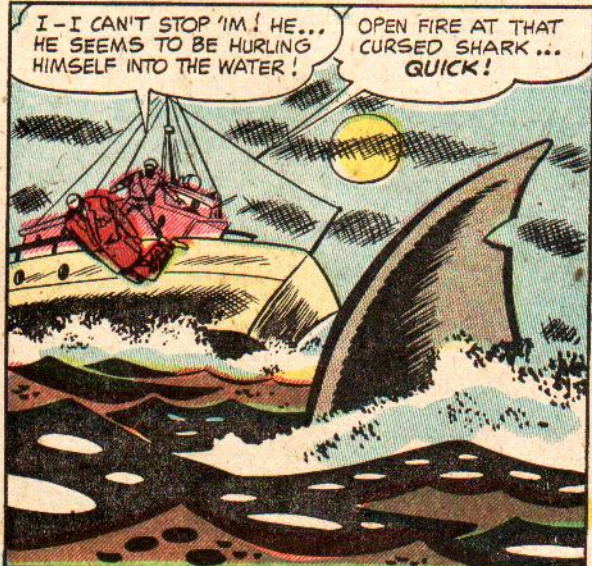
WATCH OUT, MR. BRUNT... THAT **RAILING**...

H-HE'S STUMBLING FORWARD LIKE A ZOMBIE... AS IF HE'S BEING **HYPNOTIZED**!



I - I CAN'T STOP 'IM! HE... HE SEEMS TO BE HURLING HIMSELF INTO THE WATER!

OPEN FIRE AT THAT CURSED SHARK... **QUICK!**



THAT EYE... WON'T LET ME MOVE...

I... I FEEL DROWSY... MY BRAIN... NUMBED...



THE TWO POLICEMEN STOOD TRANSFIXED, THEIR FACES GROWING ASH-WHITE. THEIR EYES GLAZED, THEIR HEADS NODDED SLEEPILY. THEN, A FEW MOMENTS LATER

WAKE UP, PRENTISS... STIR YOUR STUMPS! THE SHARK'S GONE... AND SO IS ALL TRACE OF POOR BRUNT!

EITHER WE WERE BOTH DAY-DREAMING AT THE SAME INSTANT... OR THAT CREEPY THING ACTUALLY PUT US INTO A **TRANCE**! YOU THINK IT'S POSSIBLE THAT... **BRRRR**! I HATE TO THINK OF IT!



BRRR IS RIGHT! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GET THE FISH-STARE FROM A MAN-EATING SHARK? **HEH! HEH!** IN THIS CASE, THE EYES SURE HAD IT!

THE END!

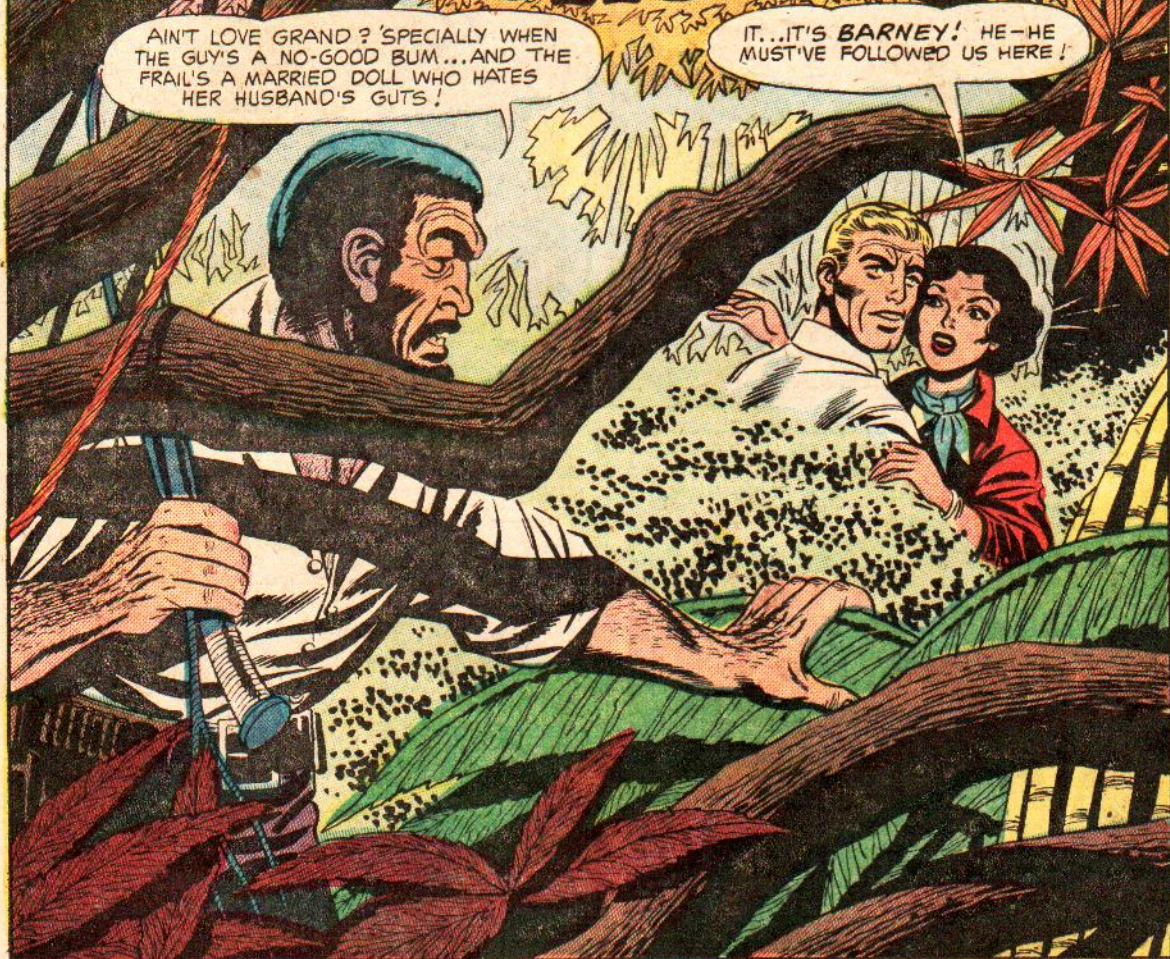
THE THING

WHEN BRUTAL BARNEY TRAGG DISCOVERED HE WAS BEING PLAYED FOR A SUCKER BY HIS TWO-TIMING WIFE AND THE HANDSOME FOREMAN OF HIS JUNGLE PLANTATION, HE KNEW IT WAS TIME TO APPLY...

THE CRUSHER

AIN'T LOVE GRAND? 'SPECIALLY WHEN THE GUY'S A NO-GOOD BUM...AND THE FRAIL'S A MARRIED DOLL WHO HATES HER HUSBAND'S GUTS!

IT...IT'S BARNEY! HE-HE MUST'VE FOLLOWED US HERE!



RIGHT OUT OF A GRADE-B MOVIE...WIFE PLAYS FOOTsie WITH HANDSOME FOREMAN OF HUBBY'S PLANTATION! BUT THERE'S GONNA BE A CHANGE IN THE USUAL SCRIPT...

Y-YOUR WIFE AND I...WE LOVE ONE ANOTHER, TRAGG! WE WERE GOING TO TELL YOU FIRST CHANCE WE...

CONSIDER ME TOLD... AND THIS IS WHAT I GOT TO SAY TO YOU, CRUMB!

W-WATCH OUT, CELIA... HE-HE FLIPPED HIS LID!



THE THING



THE THING

RUN, YOU TWO-TIMING CHUMP...RUN!
TWENTY-FOUR HOURS...THEN I COME
AFTER YOU TO APPLY THE CRUSHER!
HA HA HA HA HAA!



NOW FOR YOU, PRETTY BOY!
TRY TO MAKE A SUCKER OUTA
ME, WILL YOU?

N-NO...
AGHHHHH!



FOR AN HOUR, THE WHIP SLASHED SAVAGELY AT MARK WILEY'S
TORTURED, BLOODY BODY. THEN...

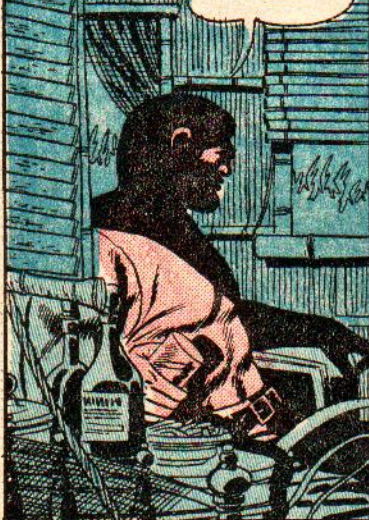
HE...HE NO BREATHE,
MASTER! HE-HE
DEAD!

CUT 'IM DOWN, BOYS! DRAG
HIS STINKING CORPSE INTO THE
JUNGLE, DIG A HOLE...AND
THROW 'IM IN!



EXHAUSTED BY HIS GROTESQUE
LABORS, BARNEY TRAGG STUMBLED
TO HIS SHACK AND DRANK HIMSELF
INTO A STUPOR...

PLAY AROUND...HIC...BEHIND
MY BACK, EH? LAUGH AT ME...
HIC...PLAY ME FOR A SUCKER,
WILL THEY? NOW IT'S MY TURN
TO CROW!



THE EVENING SHADOWS CREPT OVER
THE JUNGLE, AND STILL BARNEY
TRAGG DRANK, THEN THE INKY
BLACKNESS FADED INTO STEAMY
DAWN...

WHOZAT?
WHAZZA
MATTER...?

WAKE UP, MASTER!
THE SUN RISES...YOU
ORDERED ME TO
WAKE YOU...



I TOLD THAT DOUBLE-CROSSING
TRAMP SHE'D GET A 24-HOUR HEAD
START...BUT I CAN BE JUST AS MUCH
A CHISELER AS SHE WAS! I'M
STARTING TO TRACK 'ER DOWN
NOW! ALONE!



THE THING

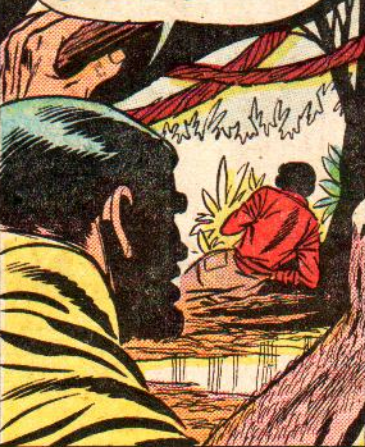
THE HOURS PASSED AND THE TROPICAL HEAT GREW MURDEROUS. STILL, BARNEY TRAGG PLUNGED ON THROUGH THE SEARING JUNGLE OOZE...

HER TRAIL FOLLOWS THE GREAT SWAMP UP TO HERE, THEN I CAN'T SEEM TO...WAIT! HER FOOTPRINTS HEADING STRAIGHT TOWARD THE COAST...TOWARD ZOANGA! HERE'S WHERE I CLOSE IN ON 'ER!
HEH HEH
HEH!



SAGGING WITH WEARINESS, TRAGG SLASHED ON THROUGH THE STIFLING MUCK, HIS BLEARY EYES RIVETED ON THE FOOTPRINTS BEFORE HIM. SUDDENLY...

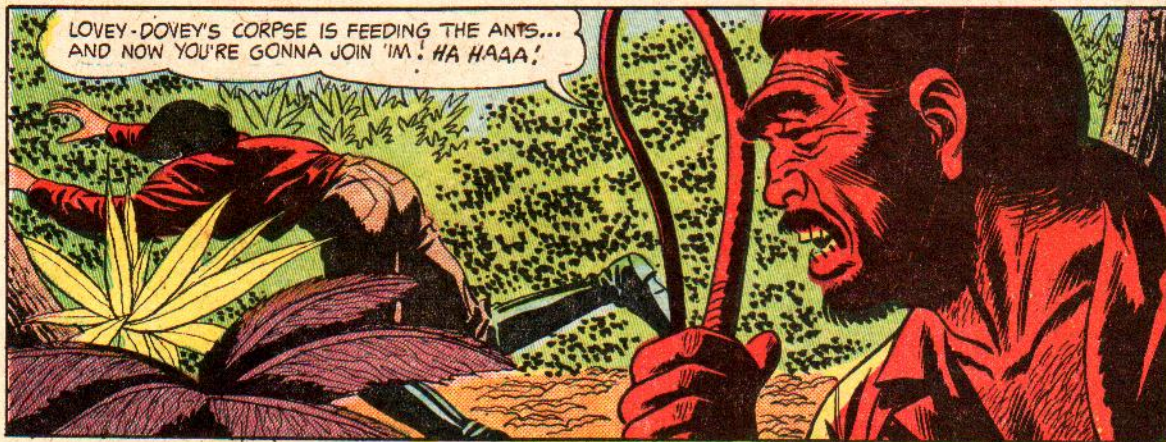
N-NOT MUCH...
UGH!...STRENGTH LEFT TO...HEY! THERE...
THERE SHE IS! T-THE SEARCH...IT'S OVER!



RUNNING...PUFF...AIN'T GONNA HELP YOU NONE, CELIA! I...I'LL TRAP YOU IF IT'S THE LAST THING...PUFF...I EVER DO! YOU'RE DOOMED...HA HA HAAAA!



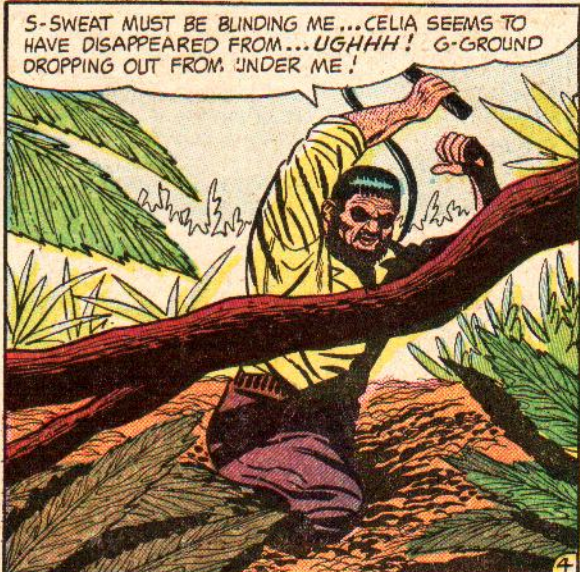
LOVEY-DOVEY'S CORPSE IS FEEDING THE ANTS... AND NOW YOU'RE GONNA JOIN 'IM! HA HAAA!



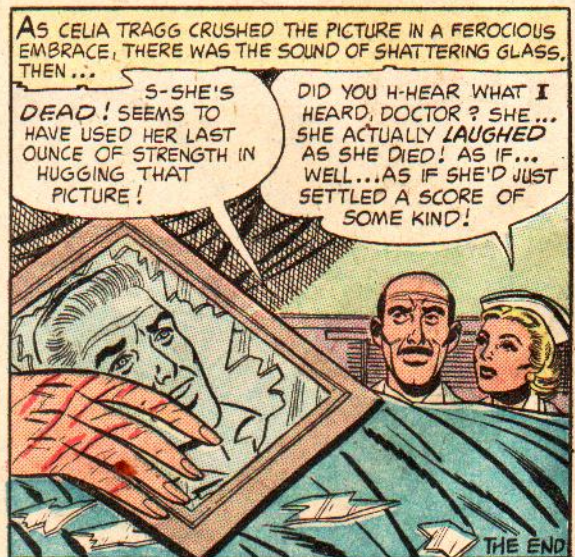
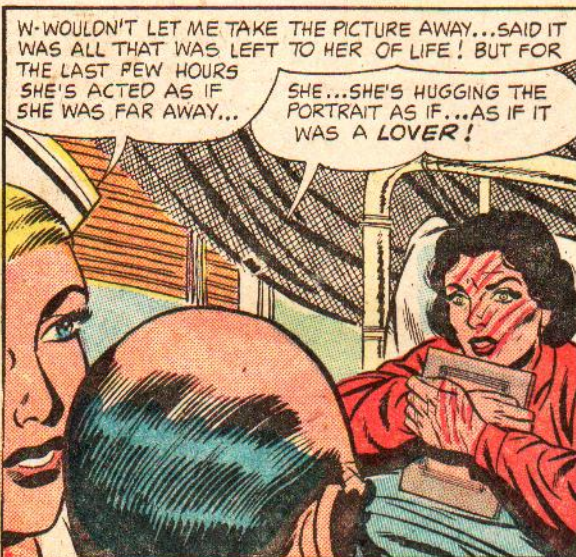
SAY YOUR PRAYERS, WITCH! I'M GONNA SLASH THE ROTTEN HIDE RIGHT OFF YOUR TWO-TIMING BODY! YOUR TIME'S COME...HA HA HAAAAA!



S-SWEAT MUST BE BLINDING ME...CELIA SEEMS TO HAVE DISAPPEARED FROM...UGHHH! G-GROUND DROPPING OUT FROM UNDER ME!



THE THING



THE END

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EASY WAY!



STOPS "BED WETTING"

Without Electrical Devices...
Rubber Sheets... Alarms...

Ends Shame, Discomfort, Inconvenience
Almost Miraculously!

SIMPLE SAFE TABLET DOES IT

DRY-TABS is the same safe medical discovery that is prescribed by many doctors. Now, it is available for the first time without prescription to all the victims of BED-WETTING who long to rid themselves of this distressing habit once and for all. DRY-TABS is safe, not habit forming, contains no harmful drugs—Follow simple directions.

"DRY-TAB THERAPY" Eventually Allows BED-WETTING Victims to Function Normally Without Further Medication

DRY-TABS, in most cases, does not offer merely temporary stopping of BED-WETTING. In case after case, as revealed in clinical tests conducted in hospitals by medical scientists, the DRY-TABS formula proved itself to be a tablet that gives direct support to the patient in controlling his BED-WETTING. The benefits of the DRY-TABS formula may be expected to be effective beyond the period when it is taken regularly. It helps the BED-WETTING victim to retrain, tends to increase strength of sphincter and detrusor muscles controlling urination. Many cases have discontinued the use of DRY-TABS after a short time and found they were functioning normally. So BED-WETTING victims do not have to be slaves to any kind of medication if their case is of the type that responds to the re-training power of DRY-TABS. This is probably one of the greatest advancements ever made in BED-WETTING therapy. Yes, once DRY-TABS stops BED-WETTING, its use may no longer be required, normal functioning and control may be developed almost miraculously. So don't hesitate a minute longer. Order DRY-TABS Today!

DRY-TABS Amazing Formula Effective in 75% of Cases



CASE NO. 1. Healthy, intelligent boy, 9 years old. BED-WETTING since infancy. Child could not break habit. All other medication failed. DRY-TABS formula taken for two three-week periods. Child has remained well for the past three years.



CASE NO. 2. Normal boy, history of BED-WETTING since infancy. Child had no organic defect. Various cures failed. Put on DRY-TABS formula regime. After a month, habit suddenly stopped.



CASE NO. 3. Male, aged 23 years. BED-WETTING since birth. Many forms of treatment failed. Unable to accept invitation to sleep out over-night. Recently married, and embarrassed by habit. After formula taken, wet bed the first two nights but never since that time.



CASE NO. 4. Girl, aged 6 years. Wet bed since infancy. Nervous, irritable. DRY-TABS formula administered for regular period. BED-WETTING stopped almost immediately. Slight relapse. Formula administered again. Child responded immediately once more, and history reveals no further relapse.



CASE NO. 5. Man, 42 years old, wet "heavily." Medication started. Wet during second week and continued to wet when medication was withdrawn for following week. Restarted after rest period, and after five-day treatment seemed to retain control of bladder function.



CASE NO. 6. Woman, 76 years old. DRY-TABS formula administered for 6 days. Improvement, upon withdrawal of medication, improvement remained. Continued gradual return of control. One year without formula and control is adequate.



WHY endure the needless shame, embarrassment, humiliation... the discomfort and distress of this unfortunate habit? Why put up with the daily nuisance of changing and washing bed linen and clothes? Why suffer the mortification of foul smelling bedrooms... the expense of ruined furniture... the danger of catching cold and infectious rashes?

Doctors agree that BED-WETTING can cause nervousness, stuttering and emotional disturbances in children, very often seriously affecting their future and character, making them "psychological cripples."

But now the disgrace and danger of BED-WETTING can very easily be a thing of the past with amazing new DRY-TABS. At last, medical science has discovered a safe, new, easy way to stop BED-WETTING without electrical devices... without rubber sheets, alarms or special diets and without interrupting needed sleep. DRY-TABS, in easy-to-take tablet form, does away with BED-WETTING as painlessly, easily and simply as swallowing an aspirin. Yes, almost miraculously, amazing, safe DRY-TABS, used as directed, help stop functional BED-WETTING... relieve tension and strain, often the underlying cause in most cases of this unfortunate habit. Now, for the first time, safe DRY-TABS can be obtained without prescription.

DEVELOPED AFTER YEARS OF EXTENSIVE HOSPITAL AND CLINICAL RESEARCH AS REVEALED IN MEDICAL LITERATURE

The discoveries of science, many times, are brought about by indirect means. Take the case of the exclusive DRY-TABS formula. Medical practitioners chanced upon this formula while they were investigating a remedy for another illness. Noting the remarkable effect that this formula had upon BED-WETTING they concentrated their efforts on this new data and developed the formula to its present state of perfection. The result is the new DRY-TABS, a remarkable tablet that has brought new hope to thousands of tormented victims of BED-WETTING. Before this formula was released to the public, it was tested in clinics and hospitals by medical scientists on controlled groups of patients. The DRY-TABS formula is the result of thorough medical research, the same kind of research and care that is given to any product that is to be placed in the hands of the public. Chalk up BED-WETTING as one more ailment that has been conquered by the men of science. Think of it, no expensive electrical devices, cumbersome rubber sheets, special diets or mechanical alarms. Just a wonderful new tablet... DRY-TABS... product of medical research... offering the hope of a new future for all these sufferers of BED-WETTING. Be sure to order DRY-TABS today!

ADULTS: START LIVING A NORMAL LIFE TONIGHT!

Scientific tests actually prove DRY-TABS to be 75% effective in stopping this unfortunate habit—even after years of torment! Ends the constant worry of overnight hotel stops and fear of public embarrassment while napping on trains and buses. Don't wait another day. If your loved ones suffer the humiliation, the disgrace, insecurity and helplessness only BED-WETTING can cause, order DRY-TABS NOW! Easy to take, can be dissolved in water if necessary. Just follow simple directions.

MAKE THIS HOME TEST: Here is your guarantee of satisfaction. Try DRY-TABS for the prescribed period. If you are not completely overjoyed with DRY-TABS' amazing ability to help stop BED-WETTING, your purchase price will be refunded. Accept this no-risk offer. Order DRY-TABS now!

SEND NO MONEY: Just name and address for generous 3-week supply. On arrival pay postman only \$3.00 per package plus C.O.D. charges on guarantee of complete satisfaction or money back.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

GARY PHARMACAL CO., Dept. 873
7508 Saginaw Avenue, Chicago 49, Illinois

Please send me 3-week supply of DRY-TABS on guarantee BED-WETTING must be stopped or money back

- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$3.00 per package plus postage.
- ☐ Cash enclosed, we pay all postage.
- ☐ Send 2 packages (6-week supply) for \$5.50.

Name _____

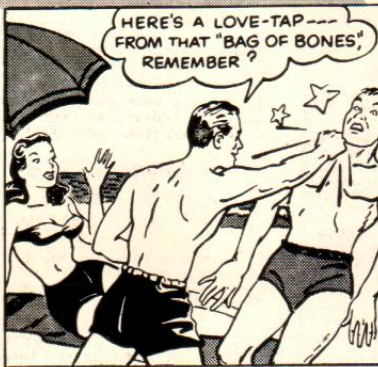
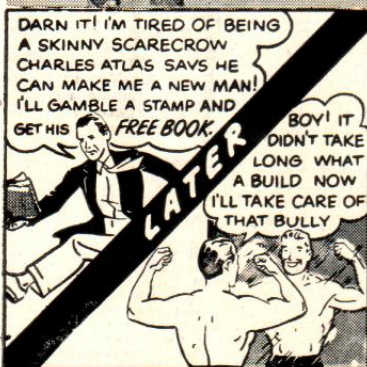
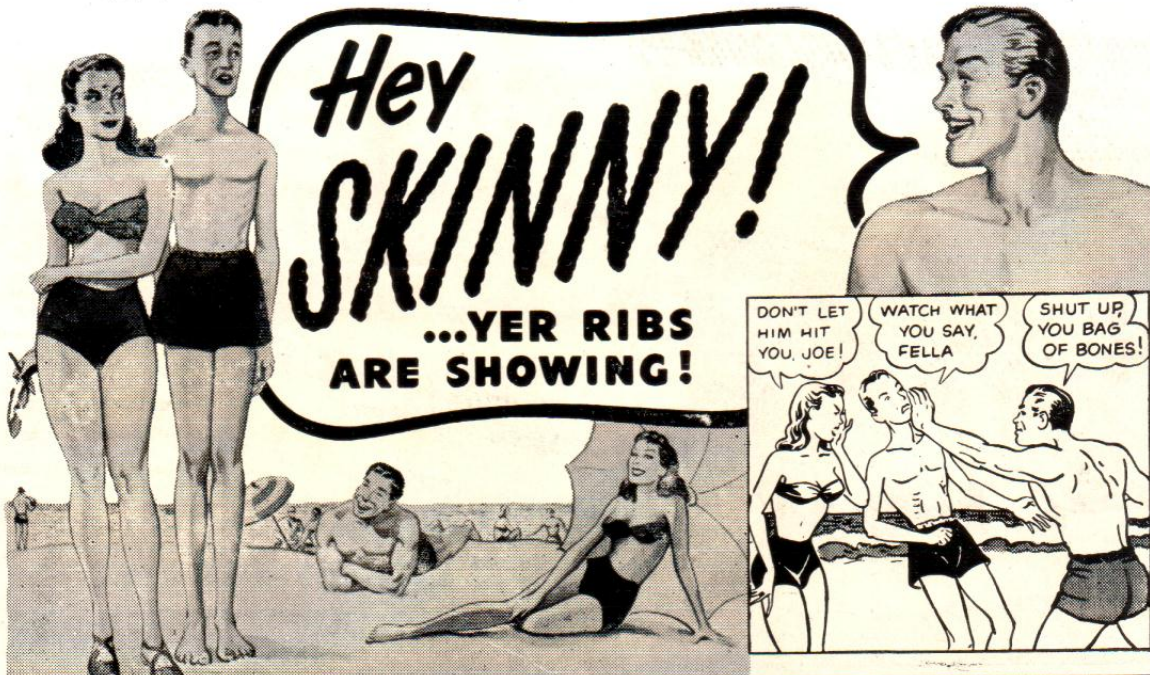
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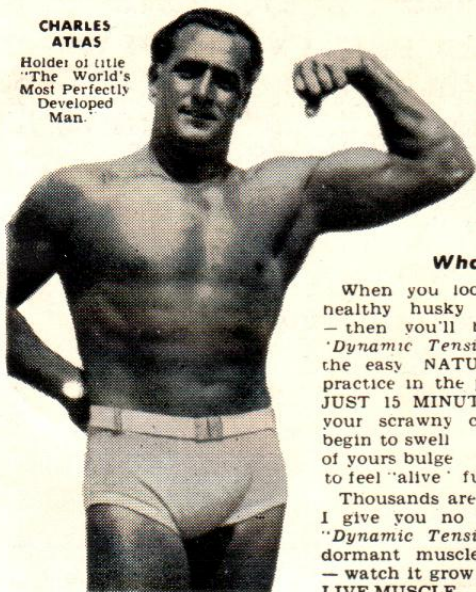
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I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes a Day!

CHARLES ATLAS
Holder of title
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Man."



PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny 97-pound body I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim Girls made fun of me behind my back THEN I discovered my body building system "Dynamic Tension" It made me such a complete specimen of manhood that I hold the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

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When you look in the mirror and see a healthy husky fellow smiling back at you — then you'll be astonished at how fast "Dynamic Tension" GETS RESULTS! It is the easy NATURAL method and you can practice in the privacy of your own room — JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY Just watch your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge and your whole body starts to feel "alive" full of zip and go!

Thousands are becoming husky — my way I give you no gadgets to fool with With "Dynamic Tension" you simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body — watch it grow and multiply into real solid LIVE MUSCLE

FREE My 32-Page Illustrated Book is Yours — Not for \$1.00 or 10c — But FREE

Send for my book, *Everlasting Health and Strength*. 32 pages of photos, valuable advice Shows what *Dynamic Tension* can do. answers vital questions. A real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. I'll send you a copy FREE. It may change your whole life Rush coupon to me personally, Charles Atlas, Dept 325J 115 E. 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



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